

A N
ELEGY
 ON THE
DEATH

Of the **HONOURABLE**
Mr. ROBERT BOYLE.

*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
 Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
 Rugis & instanti senectæ
 Afferet, indomitæque Morti.
 Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
 Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
 Quando ullum invenient parem?
 Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
 Nulli flebilior quam mihi. Horat. Od.*



per matth. Morgan

O X F O R D,

Printed by **LEONARD LICHFIELD,**
M D C X C II.

published in the beginning of march 1691

A N
ELLEGY
 O N T H E
DEATH
 O F T H E H O N O U R A B L E
Mr. ROBERT BOYLE.

When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!
 When! when! when! when! when!

O X F O R D,
 Printed by LEONARD LITCHFIELD,
 M D C C C I I.

My Much Esteem'd Friend,

T. N. Esq;

YOU have exacted the severest Test
In sending me so mournful a Request,
That I should on this doleful Matter write,
And like his *Noctiluca* shine by Night:

If copious Grief like Rage might make a Verse,
I can lament, but can't adorn his Herse.
Parnassus now nothing but *Cypress* wears,
If *Aganippe* flows it must with Tears;
My trembling Muse cannot the Task perform,
But droops like *Turtles* batter'd by a Storm,
Who are surpris'd before they shelter get,
She cannot fly when both her Wings are wet:
My Sorrow now above its source doth rise,
Before I write I must discharge my Eyes.
This faint Attempt on others may prevail,
In Prose to finish where my Verse must fail;
The best Historian of our *British* Isle
Might here employ the Beauties of his Stile;
Now an Illustrious Subject he hath got,
Greater than all the painful *Plutarch* wrote:
He rais'd our Reformation from the Dust,
Clear'd it from Calumnies of Wrath and Lust;
He shew'd that purer Motives did provoke
Our Ancestors to break the *Romish* Yoke,
And Records justify'd each Word he spoke:
Then he did skilfully his Portraite draw,
Who living was the Oracle of Law;

With strict Integrity did himself demean,
 His Heart was honest, and his Hands were clean :
 He with a righteous poise did hold the Scales,
 And his Name answer'd to the Balance, *Hales* ;
 That fruitful Monosyllable implies
 All that is Learned, or Devout, or Wise :
 Until a fuller Payment in doth come
 Accept this small and tributary Summ :
 Sure there's a strong Contagion in the Air,
 'Tis not an Age our Losses can repair.

Sydnam did first unto the Stroke submit
 With all his Judgment, Elegance and Wit ;
 Nothing he knew did peevishly with-hold,
 But with ingenuous Honesty he told ;
 He had a *Roman* Gallantry of Mind,
 He was a Benefactor to Mankind ;
 Each peccant Humor freely did chastise,
 And without Fees doth all the World advise :
 He rescu'd us from that familiar Curse,
 To be with Cordials stifi'd by a Nurse ;
 Their choaking Household-methods did defeat,
 Oppos'd his Cold to their excess of Heat ;
 And those his temperate *Regimen* did save,
 Who otherwise were destin'd to the Grave :
 This nauseous Foe both Sexes doth infest,
 But of fair Lineaments a dreadful pest ;
 Unto the Ladies chiefly is unkind,
 And barbarous marks of Triumph leaves behind.

Then *Lower Dy'd* who had so many heal'd,
 The Muscle he so well describ'd did yield ;
 As Blood in it's swift sallies from the Heart
 Doth convey Nourishment to every part,
 So those two Qualities in his Stile you meet,
 It is as Florid and it flowes as Sweet ;
 But now the Fortrefs doth demolish'd ly,
 And the wet Ditch about it is drawn dry.

And now Great *Boyle* is raviisht from our side,
 A purer Sacrifice ne're the Altar dy'd ;
 All prosperous Omens in his Life did shine,
 But from his Entrails we can none divine.

Let

Let Death her trifling Questions now discuss,
 And cut down all the Shrubs in *Libanus*;
 Our stock of Funeral Sorrow now is spent,
 We ha'nt one Drop their ruine to lament;
 A Tree of the first Eminence he stood,
 He shaded and protected all the Wood:
 Here persecuted Birds did shelter gain,
 The Boughs were spreading, delicate the Grain!

Painters when vers'd in their ingenious Art
 Acquire their Fame from drawing each his part;
 One limns the drousy sweetness of the Eyes,
 Where with the Original the Copy vies:
 Another finely doth the Colours spread,
 And mixeth up the charming White and Red;
 One with a jolly roundness plumps the Hip,
 And swells the pouting, male-contented Lip;
 Another, he in Drapery is bold,
 Makes Garments with a loose and easy fold:
 But he is justly celebrated Great,
 Who all the Features can with Skill compleat.
 But here the Task more difficult we find,
 To draw the Landskipt of so vast a Mind;
 For here his Soul with just Grandeur doth rise,
 And there in low Humility it lies;
 Emergent Notions constantly did spring,
 And still fresh Seeds did loaded Harvests bring:
 There you a Prospect had with full delight,
 And only Heaven did terminate your sight;
 A liquid Chrystal there her Waters shows,
 Just so his Eloquence like a River flows;
 With a strong, limpid Current it did smile,
 Convey'd Fertility like the pregnant *Nile*;
 Nothing of Barrenness could e're be seen,
 But a Succession still of verdant Green.
 Ripe Fruit from hopeful Blossoms early sprung,
 To gain Experience he Travell'd young;
 Lik'd theirs, but reverenc'd his Native Tongue:
 Did not his Strength on Forreign Vices waft,
 Modest in *France*, in *Italy* was Chast.

Tho' now the Modish Traveller doth please, to
 If he brings home a more refin'd Disease;
 Can tell the *Tennis-Courts*, and all the *Mesles*
 How many Leagues from *Paris* to *Versailles*;
 What *Point's* in Fashion, what *Amours* are New,
 What *Marque's* last to *Madam* prov'd untrue;
 BOYLE learn'd their Customs, Polity & Laws,
 Had their Accomplishments without their Flaws;
 No Ribaldry did offend the tender Ear,
 A Vestal Virgin his Discourse might hear;
 Each Word he utter'd had a Grain of Salt,
 And rigid *Cato* could not find a Fault,
 As Wine ferments tumultuous in the Must,
 This is the first incitement unto Lust;
 Our Eyes and Ears are the fly *Avenues*
 Which make the Sacred Monastery a Stews;
 Then feign'd Romances and lascivious Plays
 The Flame unto a higher pitch do raise;
 Here Phantasies thro' a Labyrinth you pursue,
 The Turns are dangerous, and false the Clue;
 The Muse that was but moderately Clean,
 The Mask pull'd off is on the Stage Obscene:
 And now each dawbing Pencil *Venus* draws,
 Naked she Courts the Theatre's applause;
 In such luxurious shapes She doth entice,
 Men do not dread, but are in love with Vice:
 We into things forbidden quickly rush,
 When once we've overcome the Maiden Blush.
 To Revelation he his Reason brought,
 Altho in other things he freely thought;
 The mistick Lock doth disappoint the Key,
 But where he could not open did Obey;
 If busy doubts did Sceptically rise,
 He either stop'd or Conquer'd the surprise:
 Did each Opinion very finely scarfe,
 The Sun did all the Mists it rais'd, disperse;
 The Church of *England* chiefly did applaud,
 Who to assert her needs no pious Fraud;
 She doth not hallow wax, nor Christen Bells,
 Nor is supported with false Miracles:

Is not severe with Axes, or the Rod;
 Nor on a Wafer stamps an Infant God;
 It doth not legendary Stories tell,
 Lies 'cording to your Faith, and Purse they sell!
 She doth not think that when her Members Dy,
 In Culinary Embers they must Fry;
 'Tis not sufficient here to have the Cross,
 But there the fire must purify the Dross.
 So they in *Egypt* milk-white Eggs do take,
 And make the brooding Hens their Nests forsake;
 They a more genial Warmth on them bestow,
 For Incubation is a Process slow;
 Where the sharp Artift wearies out his Eyes
 To make his gradual discoveries;
 How the Artificer doth knit each joynt,
 The *Cicatricula* and *Salient Point*:
 But here of Living Flesh they draw a Batch,
 For they in Ovens all their Chicken Hatch;
 So when the Catholick Soul releasment begs,
 Which is the Offspring of unhappy Eggs,
 After the payment of her Spiritual Host,
 She is let loose to go to Heaven to Roost.

He in his Censures could not cruel be,
 To those who did in Trivials disagree;
 'Tis want of tender Bowels, and our Pride,
 We'd save our selves, and damn the world beside:
 Nor *Guelph*, nor *Gibeline* upon him did fall,
 He like to *Atticus* was belov'd by all;
 Tho' they in several parties did Combine,
 Yet in Admiring him they all did join.
 A numerous Poor subsist'd by his Bread,
 And were with daily Distributions fed;
 Objects of private Pity he did choose,
 But obvious Ones in streets could not refuse;
 He after those did anxiously enquire,
 Who ruin'd were by Shipwrack, or by Fire;
 Or those who were Consum'd with Age and Pain,
 And yet a competent Substance could not gain;
 A secret Moth their Fortune undermines,
 Their hopes blown up, abortive their designs.

He was the Comforter of modest grief,
 He gave, and did solicit their Relief;
 Not the least Blemish did his Morals taint,
 Liv'd a Philosopher, and Dy'd a Saint.
 The World's a System of great Villany,
 He with regret did all their Vices see,
 But from Appearances himself was free;
 Did not Revenge under a Smile conceal,
 Nor did he call extravagant Passion, Zeal;
 He with a liberal humour would rejoice,
 And yet he was Abstemious out of choice;
 But his Austerities did not Sour his Blood,
 Was very Sociable, yet strictly Good.
 All for Instruction did to him resort,
 The Learned did his Correspondence court,
 And they enjoy'd the freedome of the Port;
 They carry'd rich Commodities away,
 Which with great Interest recompenc'd their stay;
 Attention they did not in vain consume,
 Gold did Enrich, and Spices did Perfume:
 He to all Tempers did his Genius fit,
 His Labour's Solid, and his Mirth was Wit;
 He did digest the Books he did devour,
 He spent not one unprofitable hour;
 Either he as a Chymist did Refine,
 Or read the Scriptures like a good Divine,
 And scarce one Moment past without a Line:
 Of Commentators he fil'd off the rust,
 And every Translation would not trust;
 He with the Surface would not be content,
 But with a Plummert to the Bottome went;
 His wonted Diligence he did apply,
 To learn a Language that was harsh and dry;
 Tho a rough Guide did lead him by the hand,
 It did conduct him to the promis'd Land,
 Where Nature her delicious Fruits hath stor'd,
 A single Grape a Vintage doth afford:
 His generous Courtesy was always such,
 He thought he never could Oblige too much.

He

He to all Ranks did meekly condescend,
 'Twas his Civility that made him bend;
 Tho' Sickneſs without Truce a War did wage,
 He ſtill prop'd up the Ruins of his Age,
 And that he ſhun'd ſo long the fatal Dart,
 It was his greateſt Specimen of Art;
 In ſpight of Years he kept himſelf upright,
 Till the Weight falling on him crush'd him quite.

He did perform what others only boaſt,
 And each Experiment did refund its Coſt;
 The ſhining Pillar of his Chymick Flame,
 To our erroneous Minds a Guide became,
 Which through the Deſart did point out our way,
 And us thro' intricate Errors did convey;
Aquinas like his Title was not bright,
 And *Scotus* was involv'd in Myſtick Night,
 Both made Crepuſcular, and doubtful Light;
 They hunted one another in a Wood,
 Quarrel'd for that which neither underſtood;
 You *Paracelſus* Inſolence can't endure,
 He pompous was, and *Helmont* is obſcure;
 We are with barbarous Remedies o're-ran,
 Eſſence of Stars, and Tincture of the Sun;
 A *Roficrucian* Secrets doth purſue,
 He fails becauſe his ground-work is not true,
 To immense Summits he blindly doth Aſpire,
 Offers his Children to the *Moloch* Fire;
 He drowns their cries with noiſe of fancy'd Gold,
 Like heaps of Uſury by the Bankers told;
 And when that the phantaſtick Web is ſpun,
 He finds himſelf and Family undone. (ſpent,

BOYLE'S Thoughts on what was uſeful ſtill were
 Nothing that was Deſtructive did Invent;
 His Days and watchful Nights he did employ,
 Mankind to Benefit, and not Deſtroy:
 Like to the diſmal Fryar in his Cell,
 Who firſt found out that Stratagem of Hell;
 When he together did Ingredients Brew,
 Swift Death upon the Wings of *Nitre* flew;

Upon their Models Armies do advance,
 And they push on the Victories of *France*;
 Where ere that haughty Monarch doth appear,
 A Monk's his Confessor and Engineer;
 The Rudiments in *Verulam* were drawn,
 And then Philosophy began to dawn;
 It rose with such a bright, auspicious Ray,
 'Twas a fair hostage for a clearer day:
 The Great *St. Albans* fell into disgrace,
 And slight Concussions made him lose his Place;
 But it was Royal Envy that him Dead,
 And this struck off Unparallel'd *Raleigh's* Head:
 Had *Bacon* to one Talent been confin'd,
 A Star of the first Magnitude had shin'd;
 He did neglect the Functions of his Gown,
 So from the Precipice he tumbl'd down;
 Whilst he was drawing Schemes they took the Town. }
 Then at some distance *Wilkins* did succeed,
 Our captive Reason he entirely Freed;
 Justly Restor'd, she the Ascendant gains,
 When Barbarous Ignorance held her long in Chains:
 This gave to several Factions discontent,
 To see the Change of Ancient Government;
 Jokes did descend from Father to the Son,
 They in the beaten Road went jingling on;
 With a grave Pace and solemn Look did tread,
 Were with implicit Bells like horses led;
 It was the vicious Clenching of the Age,
 It might divert upon *Ben Johnson's* Stage:
 But *Andrew's* real worth it did abate,
 Tarnish'd his stile, his sense did defecrate;
 He great Advantage from those studies drew,
 Which do instruct us how to Argue true;
 He in his Temper to the World was kind,
 Would them unite in Language, and in Mind;
 His Projects in an higher Orb did move,
 He'd fix a Commerce with the Stars above;
 For by our Glasses what we take to be
 Spots in the Lunar Disc, are Earth and Sea:

Then

Then we should like unto *Elijah* fly
 In Fiery Chariots through the liquid Sky;
 When he upon this fancy'd Subject writ,
 'Twas an exalted Essay of his Wit;
 Agreeably he did our thoughts Amuse,
 All other Theories he reduc'd to Use;
 Learning and Goodness had their proper Sphere,
 Was a great Prelate, and Philosopher.

In *Geoponicks* *Evelin* doth excel,
 Gardens and Woods none understands so well;
 Knows the minutest Seeds, each Plant enfolds,
 And all the vast diversity of Molds;
 What proper Earth accomodates each Tree,
 Distinguisheth their Class and Pedigree;
Moreland doth Fountains to their *axus* raise,
 Vers'd in their Serpentine and Crooked ways;
 One Water hath improv'd, the other Soil,
 Fire and elastick Air belong to *Boyle*,
 His curious Engine doth pump out our Breath,
 And there you see the Agonies of Death,
 Which fearful Nature by degrees disrobes,
 For the Conveyances of Life are *Lobes*.
 To try how this Experiment doth pass,
 Shut a Domestick *Tigre* in a Glas;
 Stop all the perviewous *Avenues* with Clay,
 Drain her almost unto the last decay, (heaves,
 With the strong efforts, when she groans and
 A pungent Salt expiring Life retrieves.
 He like a wise Interpreter did unfold
 All the *Arcana* both of Heat and Cold;
 Our Vital Flame Analogous to a Lamp,
 Which Death extinguisheth with her mortal damp;
 A sturious piece of water did confound,
 When the soft Weapon melted in the wound;
 His vivid Colours entertain our sight,
 'Tis an *Elizian* Subject, Fields of Light;
Ultra-marine of *Lapis Lazuli*,
 Is a bright Rival to the Azure Sky;
 None but Kings Palaces this stone should hold,
 A Purple 'tis, inlaid with streaks of Gold:

Then Gems, a Subject he so well hath done,
 Are the peculiar Favorites of the Sun;
 On other things his Beams he thinly lays,
 Here he's Compact, and doth condense his Rays:
 He like an Artift Phyfick understood,
 And us'd it as a more diffufive Good;
 Great pleasure in those Contemplations plac'd,
 Nature thro' all her wild *Meanders* trac'd:
 Knew for what proper use each place did serve,
 Follow'd the Foot-steps of each winding Nerve;
 He view'd the feat of Hypochondriack Bile,
 And all the subtle passages of Chile;
 He saw the curious Net-work of the Brain,
 The *Lympheducts* and every *Lacteal* Vein.

He gave to Medals justly their esteem,
 But in those studies did not too much Dream;
 Did not upon them lay too great a stress,
 Nor doated on an Antiquated Dress;
 If genuine they to History give a light,
 And in Chronology they set you right;
 But often false do for the true ones pass,
 They cheat in Gold, in Silver and in Brass:
 In *Otho* and *Vitellius* is deceit,
 And they *Pescennius Nigers* counterfeit.
 In Gardens he did recreate his sense,
 Walk'd their *Parterres* with the first Innocence;
 He did not load his memory with words,
 (A Miser so his idle Treasure hoards;)
 Herbs he employ'd unto a nobler use,
 He into wholesom Med'cines squeez'd their juice:
 Then the Exotick Plants he did survey,
 Which did his Curiosity defray;
 For there he saw the melancholy Tree
 Fold up its self by day and cloister'd be;
Phæbus another *Daphne* hath in chace,
 Can't importune her into one embrace;
 But to his paler Rival she doth yield,
 Who when he's down usurps the quitted field;
 Her tender Spirits he doth roughly treat,
 And them disperse with too intense an heat;

Then

But

But the weak Moon with a more languid Ray,
Draws the Sap forth, and doth her Leaves display.

Study he did not intermit, but change,
When he more freely had a mind to range;
Then he ran over all the Ages past,
Saw in what models Governments were Cast;
By what insensible degrees they thrive,
And what false steps of growth doth them deprive;
For some are Dwarfs, and some Gigantick Tall,
Like to a Weather-glass they rise and fall:
Of Policy he saw the smallest Springs,
The change of States, vicissitude of Kings;
Guards to the Good, bright Constellations are,
A Tyrant hath not one propitious Star:
He to Antiquity was very just,
And yet he did not load himself with dust;
Those to the Metals who themselves confine,
Are tinctur'd with the Colour of the Mine;
Sometimes a *Pease-bloom-damp* puts out their light,
And subterranean *Demons* them do fright;
Are the Sulphurean Guardians of the Ore,
Which we in curreant Images adore;
We should not study beyond such a mark,
Left we too far do wander in the dark;
Like those who are to gloomy *Caverns* sent,
This is inflicted as a punishment;
They make the Prisoner from his Dungeon rise,
A sudden splendor dazleth out his Eyes,
So this rebates the keenness of our fight,
When darted on by Subjects that are bright:
This Age for former Negligence atones,
With *Selden's* Marbles, and with *Gruter's* Stones.

Ireland is by indulgent Nature free'd
From all those Creatures which do Venom breed;
And sometimes she her Natives doth produce,
Men of the meekest Souls, and softest Juice:
This Influence on her Favorites doth fall,
Gentle as Doves, and born without a Gall;
Candor to them is *Medes* and *Persians* Law,
Ambition did not swell, nor Envy gnaw:

In *Boyle* and *Usher* we this temper find,
 Who were the most Obliging of Mankind;
 He practis'd every Doctrine that he taught,
 And with all stores of Learning he was fraught;
 To the sublimest pitch of Knowledge flew,
 Nothing to him was hid, no Book was new:
 Him as a Prodigy let his Country tell,
 None ever Writ, or ever Liv'd so well:
 Then as the credit of our Northern Air,
Boyle came to make a Celebrated pair;
 Learning is Ship-wrack'd on the *Spanish* Coast,
 And they have no Philosophers to boast:
 An Age hath slip'd, and not one Art hath gain'd,
Cervantes long ago their humor drain'd;
 In *Italy* then *Galileo* writ,
Malpighius too, that most portentous Wit;
 He to the World that Secret did impart,
 That Trees have Lungs, a Midriff and an Heart:
 The other they did in a Prison lay,
 Because to Heaven he found another way.
 Ungrateful *Athen*s thus her Sons did treat,
 When they with too much Vertue were grown great;
 And thus rapacious hands on him did seize,
 Who first asserted the *Antipodes*:
France hath a double share of Learned Men,
Salmafius with his smooth and easy Pen;
Cartes for subtilty the Prize doth win,
 He all his Bowels out in Silk doth spin,
 The fineness of his Notions makes them thin: }
Gassendus doth deserve the second stall,
 But Musick made *Mersennus* Whimsical;
Poirot by all the World is justly hift,
 A dull *Enthusiast*, a crack'd *Platonist*;
Malebranch must for a Nervous Writer stand,
 Then the reserves, *Du Hamel* and *Le Grand*;
 But the triumphant Warriors of the Lifts,
 Are the Ingenious, solid *Jansenists*;
 Their comely Morals a *Decorum* keep,
 They taught us how to think, and how to speak.

And

And now they're rendezvous'd, our Champion call
 Him single we'll oppose unto them all
 We all their Competitions will afford, for him
 With the belov'd, the honor'd Name of **BOYLE**
 He in Philology was profoundly Vers'd,
 Poets and Orators fluently rehears'd,
 He never them superfluously did quote,
 But a new peice of Knowledge to promote:
 Authors that were Obscure he did detect,
 He did select the clearest and the best
 Learning into the Desert did withdraw,
 War banish'd that as it doth silence Law
 Like *Aresbus* it went under ground,
 After such lengths of time it did reborn
 Did with fresh Streams upon the Surface spread,
 The *Amphisbæna* had a double head,
 Truth for protection to a cloister flies,
 And there by Monks corrupted was with Eyes
 The Sanctuary worse than life at large,
 For here the Guardian did debauch his charge,
 The clouds were scatter'd and the day began,
 In refin'd *Petrarch* and *Politian*.

BOYLE Nature in her nicest Movements saw,
 With sympathizing Atomes she doth draw,
 Her Load-stone Iron, shining Amber Straw
 This viscous Gem the Sea on *Prussia* throws,
 And falling little Creepers doth enclose,
 The provident *Ant* was once a Captive made,
 Surpris'd as it was wandering in the shade,
 The Tree exuded and the little Pop
 Was strait imprison'd in a yellow drop,
 So he that living was obscurely hid,
 Now lay entomb'd within a Pyramid:
 But **BOYLE** a wondrous story doth relate,
 For all that's Curious he's design'd by Fate,
 That in a Sanguine Ladies blushing Face,
 (Nature her Wonders there doth always place)
 Blood was to such a fine consistence wrought,
 In the Balsamick Net her Locks were caught,

The Curls are fasten'd to the Cheeks which glow,
 The women thought that she had gum'd too low;
 She did not dawb with false Complection thick,
 For then the hair might in the mortar stick;
 Native it was, and pure *Vermilion* all,
 And the attraction was *Electrical*:
 Now set this mirror with such lustre deckt,
 That there each Noble-man may his face reflect;
 Make it the Topick of his emulous strife,
 How he may imitate such a spotless life:
 Honor is bought, and great Attendance hir'd,
 But it is Learning only that's acquir'd;
 These like dead weights uneasily are born,
 They load, but only Knowledge doth adorn;
 'Tis our prerogative above the Brutes,
 There is a sort of glimmering sense in Roots;
 Graces of Reason you in Beasts may mark,
 Of a faint Jewel an imperfect spark;
 Outdo the Fox in stratagem if you can,
 Grave as a *Vizier* in a full *Divan*:
 There was a brave resentment in an Horse,
 And the *Brazilian Parrot* can discourse.
 He in a barren Soil his Seeds did plant,
 And succor'd Ignorance, the greatest want;
 All passages of Counsel Pride doth shut,
 But *Cataracts* may be Couch'd, and *Films* are Cut;
 The rays of Vision that entirely stops,
 For wise Instructors do despair of Fops;
 Those are Enlighten'd after pains endur'd,
 But the Conceited Wretch can ne're be Cur'd;
 Envy by ravenous *Wolves*, and *Harpies* drawn,
 The Foam of *Cerberus*, of *Styx* the Spawn;
 Who rails at Mountains living in the Vale,
 And others Sanguine looks do make her Pale;
 So strong a mind could not her Captive make,
 Could not insinuate with the smallest Snake;
 And when of such a Prize the Fury mist,
 Did grind her Teeth, and all her Serpents hift:
 No Age with Wonders teeming did bring forth
 Any superior to him in Worth;

He

He with a Gaiety of Temper charm'd,
 The Froward of their Anger he disarm'd ;
 He wonder'd why so furious they became,
 For his own Breast did never feel the Flame ;
 He all the Battering Rams with softness broke,
 His Patience, not his Sickneſs did provoke ;
 Repeated ſhocks of Pain did make him faint,
 But all could not extort the leaſt Complaint :
 His Mind inflexible did in vain attack,
 Walk'd in the Furnace, ſung upon the Rack ;
 Tho' Tortur'd yet could ſtill reſolve a Doubt,
 Reason'd like *Poſſidonius* with the Gout.
 And now he's mix'd with the Angelick Race,
 Only of Happineſs hath chang'd the place ;
 For whilſt below he ſtill enjoy'd a Calm,
 Now doth embrace the Tree which drop'd the Balm :
 His Body's in a richer Mantle clad,
 But nothing to his righteous Soul can add ;
Rome chiefly did that Purple Veil extol,
 Which deck'd *Jove's* Temple in the Capitol ;
 Did the *Plebeian* Race of Light out-ſhine,
 Of that the ſtrong Reflections were Divine :
 So all things were Eclipſ'd by mighty *BOYLE*,
 The brighteſt Wits were unto his a Foil.

Marriage to be a Lottery he thought,
 In which your happineſs is too dearly bought ;
 The venture in this Game of chance doth riſe,
 Above the real value of the Prize :
 He of decaying Beauty was not fond,
 But Friendſhip was his firm and laſting Bond ;
 Without allay this is a Virgin-Ore,
 And his Friend was his deareſt *Lindamor* ;
 The Tie is now Conſummated above,
 Where he enjoys his own *Seraphick Love* ;
 Death from the Body did his Soul reſeal,
 The ſeat of each pragmatik Diſeaſe ;
 A wound inflicted deeply turns the Brain,
 Then you are twiſted with *Arthritick* pain ;
 With Cold you ſhiver, and are ſcorch'd with Heat,
 The Gout conſtrains the hands, and binds the feet ;

You with the Palsy are but just alive,
 Half of himself the Patient doth survive
 Then the whole Syſtem with the Scurvey jars,
 You're drown'd in Dropſies, ſtrangled with Catarrhs;
 An Apoplexy doth attack the Head;
He Bow'd, & where he Bow'd, he fell down Dead:
 Each trivial accident doth Death provoke,
 A Grape ſtone did the ſweet *Anacreon* choke;
 From griping Talons once an Oyſter fell
 On *Aſchylus*, and broke a finer Shell:
 The Stone doth for your utmoſt Patience call
 It is an hard, concreted Mineral
 The vertue of the Magnet it will feel,
 Out of it draws ſmall Particles of Steel:
 With legion of Torturants is full,
 Beyond the Rack, or *Phalaris's* Bull;
 From all things that about we Death may fear,
 Judge right and we are Ship-wrack'd everywhere.

Come in the Vault the noble Body lay,
 The mournful Relicks of his precious Clay
 We need not here condoling Women hire,
 With real Grief we're ready to expire:
 Let Clouds of Incenſe mount unto the Sky,
 Throw of, and let the Imperial Eagle fly,
 Which in the Clefts of lofty Rocks is caught,
 The lively Image of his towering Thought:
 BOYLE was as Generous, tho' not ſo Fierce,
 His Judgment like the others Eyes did Pierce;
 On Objects worthy of his Mind did fix,
 His Notions won't with any others mix
 Let him within thoſe hallow'd Entrails reſt,
 With a more laſting ſolitude now Bleſt,
 Till the World labours with a ſecond Birth,
 Whirl-winds ſhall ſhake the Center of the Earth;
 The Globe upon uncertain Hinges roles,
 And one Convulſive Pang ſhall join the Poles;
 Then the Arch-Angels laſt but dreadful ſound,
 Shall wake the Nations ſleeping under Ground.
 His Character's above my puny ſtrength,
 Let a *Vandike* his Picture draw at length:

For him the richest Colours are too faint,
Phidias should Carve him, and *Apelles* Paint ;
 A Volume his *Encomium* should resound,
 A Poem, such as mine's, a narrow Bound :
 And here your Genius you hold in with Pain,
 'Tis the most irksome Province to contain.
 Devouring Time shall not his Statue waft,
 But of his Wit the Monuments shall out-last
Duilius Pillar, and *Seleucus* League,
 'Twas honest then but now it is intreague :
 To his research all Secrets lay unbar'd,
 And nothing for his Wisdom was too hard ;
 Understood Men, and every Science knew,
 Was to the Practice of each Vertue True.

And now I've finish'd this unwelcome Theme;
 Of Grief I might indulge a private Stream ,
 For *Thyrsis* and *Dametas* both are Dead,
 And I am left behind a lump of Lead,
 My Fate depends upon your single Thread ;
 Therefore with Care pray cultivate your health,
 For in your Cargo doth consist my wealth ;
 I wish your Constitution still serene,
 Not a discolour'd Feature may be seen :
 Bodies are follow'd by obsequious shades,
 When Sicknefs makes you droop my Pleasure fades ;
 I feel the previous symptoms of your Urn,
 When the least Feaver warms you, I must burn ;
 And when *Anomalous* Cold doth make you quake,
 If in the torrid Zone, yet I must shake.
 That which did kindle shall put out our light,
 Our Needles the same Magnet did excite :
 A Circle terminates where it first begins,
 We'll dy like your *Hippocrates* his Twins ;
 As we in Life, in Death we'll be the same,
 Our Piles shall make one Pyramid of Flame.

F I N I S.

R. Boyle 1691

[17]

For thus the noblest Colours are too faint;
Pleasures though I've drunk and Anger's Faint;
A Volume thus I've written should rebound;
A Poem thus as mine's a narrow Bound:
And here your Ode you hold in with Pain,
Tis the most illustrious Province to contain;
I have sung I think shall not be Strain'd wast;
But of his Will the Muses must that out-last
Dante, Milton and Spenser I care not.
Twas honest then but now it is int'rage;
To his research all Secrets lay unbar'd;
And nothing for his Wisdom was too hard;
Understood Men, and every Science knew
Was to the Service of each Virtue True.
And now I find this is an unbecoming Theme;
Of Grief I might indeed a Volume strain;
For Woes and Sorrows I have known Dead,
And I am left behind a living Band.
My Fate depends upon your single Thread;
Therefore with I may cultivate your health;
For in your Ode you do not want my wealth;
I will your Constitution still adore;
Now that I have a Fortune may be lost;
Bodies are follow'd by opinions shades,
Which I think makes you desire my Pleasure shades;
I feel the various Sympoms of your Life;
When the least fit you have you I might pain;
And when I know you I will make you dance;
It is the same I know yet I will make.
That which I think I shall not out our light;
Our Woes are the same I think I'll excite;
A Circle terminates where it still begins;
Well do I see your Fopper with his Wine;
As when I do in Death we'll be the same;
Our Fellowship make one I think of Fame.

FINIS